

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

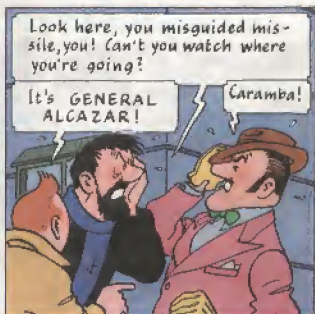
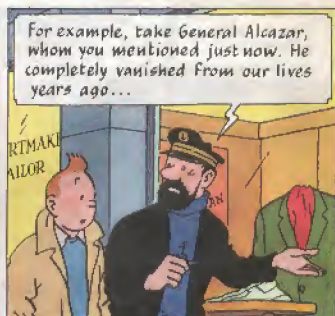
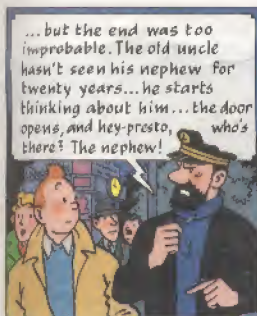
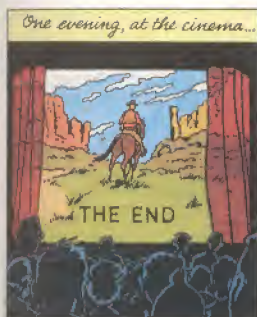
THE RED SEA SHARKS

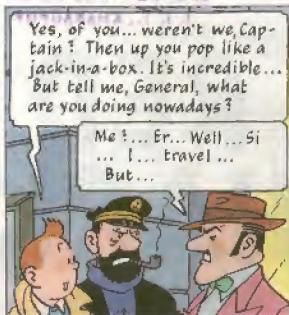


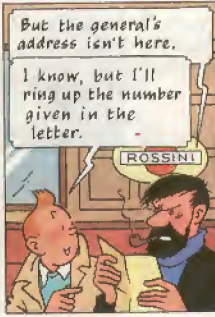
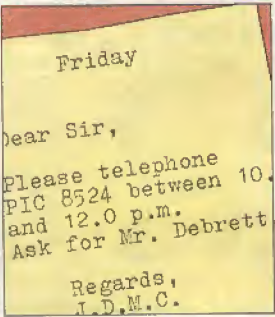
MAGNET



THE RED SEA SHARKS







Can you hear me? ...
What?... You don't know
the name Alcazar?...
What about Ramon
Zarate?... Nor that?...
You see, sir, I found
his wallet and... I beg
your pardon?

I tell you, sir, I am
not Mr. Debreth! I
don't know your Gen-
eral Alhambra, and
I am not interested
in your story ...
Goodbye!

There's polite-
ness for you!...

Very odd ... They don't know of him
at that number. Too bad... We'd
better be getting home to Marlinspike.

A little later ...

How strange. The
front door's open...

WOOAAH!..WOOAAH!..

Good heavens! My
poor Snowy! Who's done
this to you?!

I'll get to the bottom
of it!

Hey, Captain, what's
happened to you?

Billions of blue blistering bar-
nacles! Who's the thundering son
of a sea-gherkin who did that?...
Nestor!... Nestor!

HAAAAH!

Th... Eh... th...
there behind you!

! ?

RRHOAH!

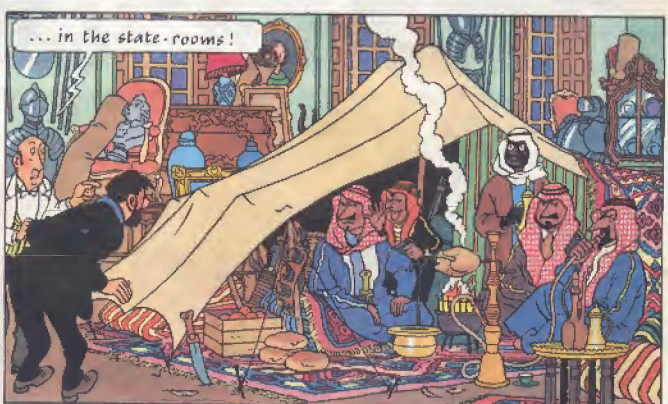
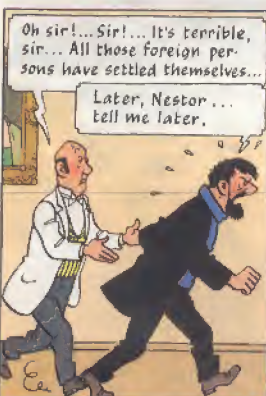




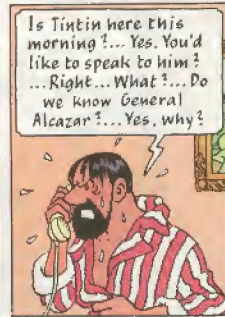
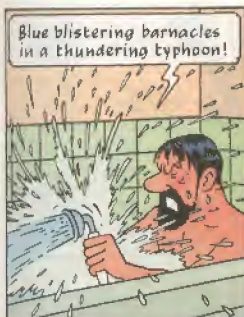
Most esteemed and well-beloved friend,

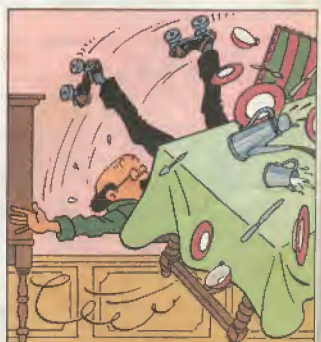
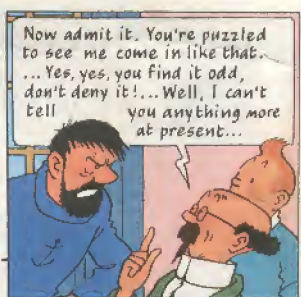
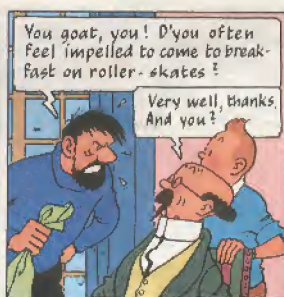
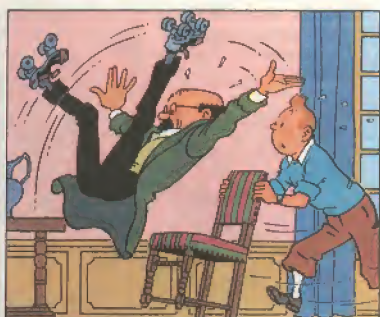
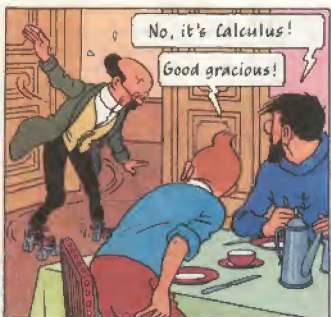
I entrust to you my son Abdullah, do improve his English. Here the situation is serious. Should any misfortune befall me I count on you, my friend, to care for Abdullah.

Emir Ben Kalish Gab



The next morning...







You thundering nitwitted numskull you! Haven't you finished acting the goat yet?



Who rang, Nestor?

I found no one the first time, sir. But the second time, I saw Abdullah running away.



RRRRING

I bet that's him! But he won't get away with it this time. Nestor, go and bring the hose-pipe!



Now... as soon as he rings, you open the door, and then: psshhht!... We'll get a good laugh!



That's it!... Quick, open up, Nestor!



I... I'm dreadfully sorry!... Please forgive me! You see, it's Abdullah's fault. The young rascalion kept ringing the bell...

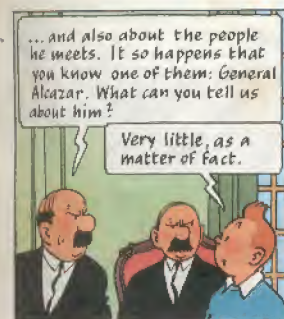


Ha! ha! ha! ha!



A few minutes later...

Well, here's the position. Interpol have asked us to keep an eye on a man called Dawson, and to collect all the information we can about his activities...

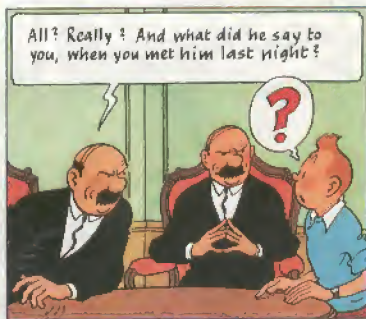


... and also about the people he meets. It so happens that you know one of them: General Alcazar. What can you tell us about him?

Very little, as a matter of fact.



I knew him when he was President of the Republic of San Theodoros. I met him later, in Europe. He'd been deposed by his rival, General Tapioca, and had fled from his country. He'd become a knife-thrower on the music-halls... That's all.



All? Really? And what did he say to you, when you met him last night?

Aha! That surprised you, eh? You forget, my friend, in our job there's nothing we don't know.

To be precise: we know nothing in our job!



It's true that we met him last night. I was going to tell you... He said he was travelling, he was in a hurry, and he was staying at the Hotel...er... the Hotel...

Excelsior; yes, we know.



Oh? Well, that's the lot... He didn't say anything else... But what have you against him? What do you suspect?

Why are we suspect? I mean, what do we suspect? My dear fellow, if you imagine we'll tell you he's smuggling aircraft, you're much mistaken. "Mum's the word", that's our motto.



Well said!... To be precise: "Dumb's the word", that's our motto. The general may have come to Europe to buy up old aircraft, but you won't learn that from us! Now we must be going. Goodbye, Tintin.

Goodbye.



Ah! Here comes Nestor with our hats and sticks.



What a very peculiar thing; my hat has shrunk.

How strange. With me it's the opposite; I've got a swollen head...



Oh, I see. We've got muddled up. You have my hat and I have yours.

That's it: our hats are in a huddle. In short, we're contrarywise...



But it still isn't right!

Nor is mine!



May I see?... You can bet Abdullah's behind this... Abdullahah?



There!... I thought as much. It's an old joke: newspapers folded up and slipped into the band.



A little later on...

Abdullah and his tricks!



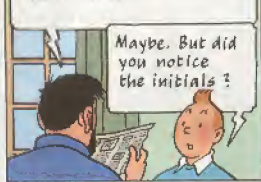
Well, what did our Siamese twins want?



Just read this advertisement - I've found in an old newspaper!



Extraordinary!... Why don't they add: "on easy terms". You'll see, we'll end up buying a battleship or the 'Queen Mary' on the never-never!



Maybe. But did you notice the initials?

J.D.M.C.... J.D.M.C. ... Thundering typhoons! Alcazar's wallet! The signature on that letter!



Precisely!

No doubt about it: the general's here to buy armaments. But that's no reason for failing to return his wallet. And since Thompson and Thomson have kindly told us the right address...



I'll come with you.

Later, at the Hotel Excelsior...

General Alcazar? Yes, he's here, sir. I just saw him go past. You'll find him in the lounge.



Thank you.



There...

Look... he's talking to someone - But... good heavens! It's Dawson. I've met him before. He was police chief in the International Settlement in Shanghai.



And there in the background, lurking behind their newspapers...

The Thompsons!



This all looks pretty fishy; I'd like to know a bit more about it. Listen, Captain; you stay here, and as soon as Dawson goes, you return General Alcazar's wallet. I'll follow Dawson. We'll meet at Marlinspike.



O.K.

An hour later...

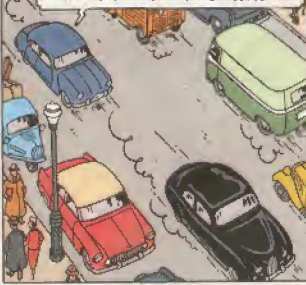
There he is... getting into that black Jaguar.



Quick, taxi!... Follow that black Jaguar, there, ahead of us.



Where are we off to now?



Fifteen minutes later...

We're on the outskirts of town already... Ah, he's slowing down. He's going to turn off.



This is it, driver. Stop!



Oh! A watchman!



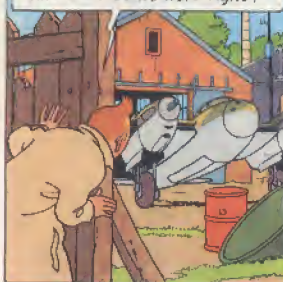
How can I get in without being seen?... Perhaps... Yes, I know...



We're over the first hurdle. Now let's see...



Aircraft! So we were right!



Careful! Footsteps!



'Morning guv! Seen the "Reporter" today?... No?. Well, read that...



Aha! Bravo!... The Mosquitoes we sold them did a grand job. Those boys know how to make use of them!



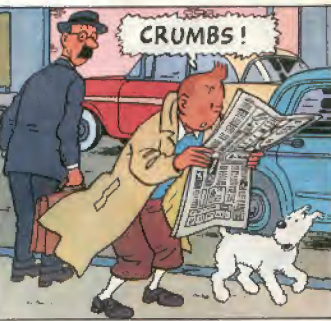
How right you are! Any news from Alcazar?

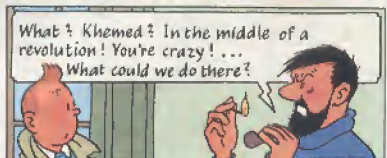
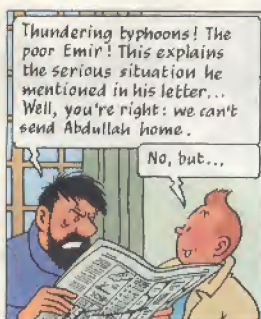
It's in the bag! Twelve Mosquitoes there, too. To help him chuck out his rival, General Tapioca... Suits us. Let them fight. So long as we can unload our junk on them, why worry?



You've said it!... Well, I'll see to the packing of those DC3 spares for Arabair. Now that they've got the green light over there, they're going to need them. It looks to me...







A youngster with a white dog? That reminds me of something... but what?



RRRING
RRRING



Hello?... Who's that?... Oh, it's you, General... What?... Oh, your wallet... You've got it back?



Yes, they bring him back. This Captain Haddock, who I meet yesterday with one of my friends... Tintin... Qué?... Si, Tintin. You know him?... Qué? The telephone call you receive last night?... Yes, it was him. He find your number in my wallet.



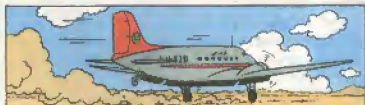
Tintin!... So he's the one sticking his nose into my business?... I'll soon take care of him.



The airport at Wadesdah, capital of Khemed, three days later...



Here comes the plane from Beirut.



You understand? If he's aboard, you put this briefcase in the baggage compartment.



I'm not sorry to get here... With these old crates you can never be sure...



I say, have you noticed?... Armed men all over the place.

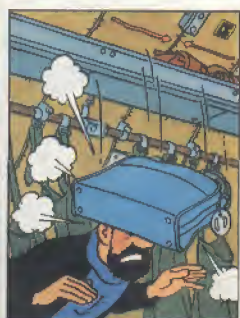
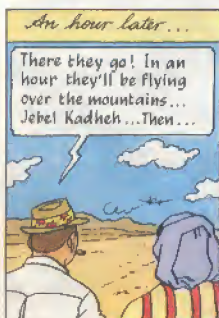


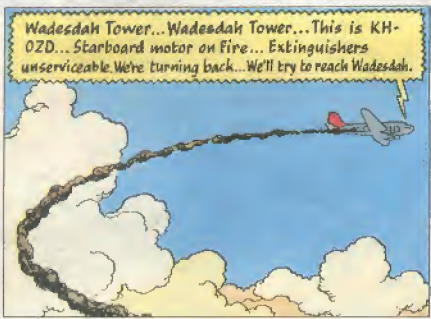
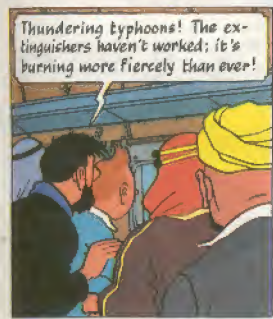
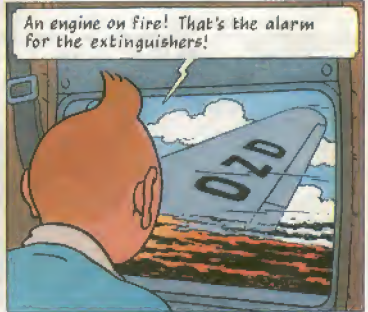
Passports, please gentlemen.



I am sorry, gentlemen: you have no permit to stay in Khemed. You must re-board the plane, and return to Beirut.







This is KH-02D... Starboard engine still burning... Port engine misfiring... We are losing height...



I simply must make him understand. He's got to come and look at this thing.



Again?... No, old chap, that's enough. I tell you, this is no time for games.



A parachute... I insist that you give me a parachute!

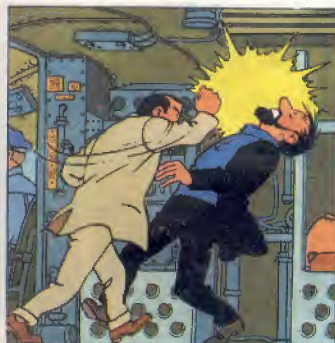


Don't lose your head, sir. You'd find a parachute quite useless now...

I want a parachute, I tell you! I've paid for my seat, and...



Look here, young fellow, keep calm, will you? And leave the pilot alone: he's got enough on his plate already!

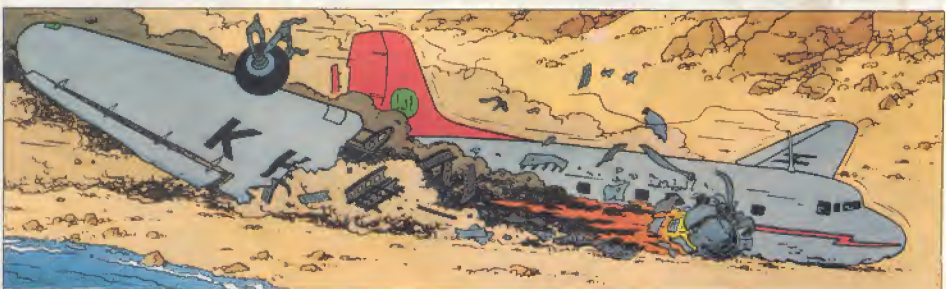
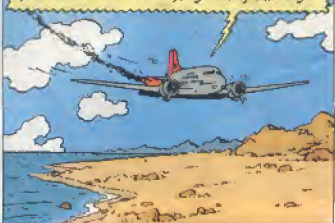


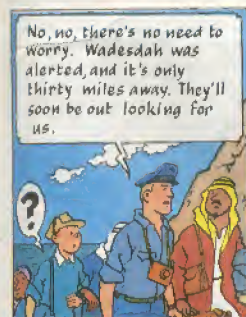
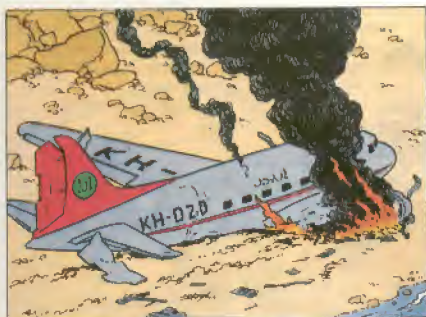
I'm sorry about this, but...

Good lad!... Thanks! Everybody hang on tight, we're going to try to land...



This is KH-02D... We're over the southern edge of the Kadheh... We've jettisoned the fuel... We're stopping the port motor... We're trying a belly landing.







My bottle!... I must save my bottle!



Thundering typhoons! The plane's blown up!



But my bottle's safe!



Columbus! ...Tintin?



He went towards the plane... Let's hope ... Careful: mustn't break my bottle...



TINTIN!...TINTIN!...



SMASH



Billions of blistering barnacles!



Tintin, old man!... You aren't broken? ...I mean... you aren't hurt?



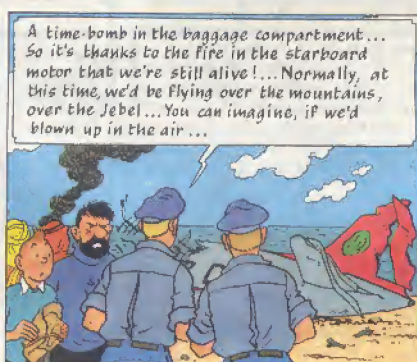
N...no. I was just knocked flat by the blast. But Snowy? Where's Snowy?

Safe and sound. He's fetching your hat.



Snowy, good old Snowy. You scented danger, eh?... And I just thought you wanted to play.

You know, Tintin, you ought to take me more seriously.



A time-bomb in the baggage compartment... So it's thanks to the fire in the starboard motor that we're still alive!... Normally, at this time, we'd be flying over the mountains, over the Jebel... You can imagine, if we'd blown up in the air...

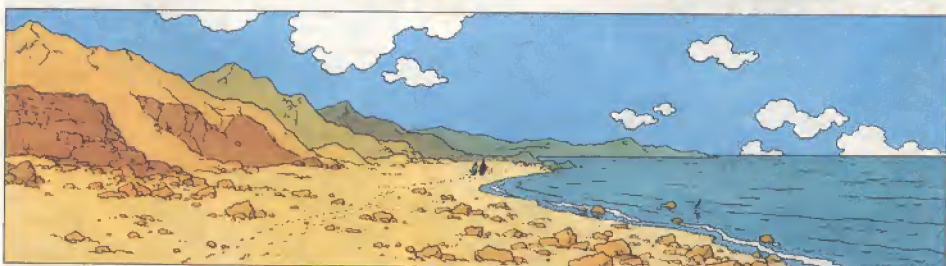


Yes, we've had a lucky escape. I wonder...

What?

Nothing...but I think we won't hang around here. Let's go.

All right, I agree.



When we get to Wadesdah, we'll seek shelter with our old friend Senhor Oliveira de Figueira.



We mustn't run into the rescue party on the way... As soon as our disappearance is reported, they'll start searching for us.



Night has fallen...

I've had enough of this little jaunt!... If we go on much longer I'll be on my knees! If only I could lie down!



Lie down? We simply must reach Wadesdah before dawn, Captain. Lying down is out of the question.



Quick, lie down!

Make up your mind... shall I lie down, or not?



A patrol! I'm sure they're out looking for us.



I heard a noise... a sort of rumbling...

It's just an aeroplane... Listen.

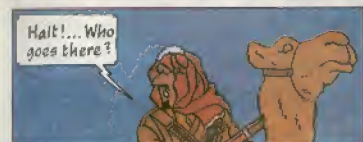


For heaven's sake stop snoring!

Me, snoring? I didn't hear anything.



Halt!... Who goes there?



Whew!... They've gone.

Oh, good... ZZZ...



Come on, Captain, get up. We're moving on.

I'll have my breakfast in bed, Nestor... ZZZ... ZZZ...



It isn't Nestor, Captain, it's Tintin!... Get up, hurry!

ZZZ



What on earth can I do! Let's hope they don't come back...

ZZZ... ZZZ... ZZZ...



I always keep a small flask of rum for emergencies. Now's the time to use it ...

This confounded cork won't come out...

Ah!...That's it!

POP

POP = [cork] = [bottle] = WHISKY



Stop! That's enough!

Aaaah! Now then, where are those sprouts?... I mean scouts...? I'd l-l-like a word or two w-w-with them!

Sh! Be quiet! We must get on.

Early next day ...

Wadesdah at last! Now we must be careful... The main gates will be watched; but I know a small gateway, and that'll be unguarded.

There, you see. We got in unmolested. Now we must find Senhor Oliveira de Figueira. I'm sure his house is near here.

Yes, that's it. I remember.

You did say he always has a bottle of wine handy?

Senhor Oliveira! ... Senhor Oliveira! ...

The joke's on us if he's moved!

Senhor Oliveira! ... Senhor Oliveira! ... Open the door! It's Tintin!

?

Blistering barnacles!... A patrol!

Quick, we must find some-where to hide!

Who's that?



I... What was that?... Er...
forgive me... I... I think I was
dreaming... A nightmare... Pirates...

Oh, well...

I'll light up. That'll
help me to stay
awake.

Good idea.

Where was I?... Oh yes... I was saying that
six months ago, as a result of an agree-
ment between the Emir and Arabair, Wadesdah
became an important link in the air route to
Mecca. Then, a few weeks ago, it seems
that trouble blew up between Arabair
and the Emir. The situation began to
deteriorate...

... As if by chance, trouble
flared up all over the country,
and Sheik Bab El Ehr took com-
mand of the rebels. These rebels
were supported by a powerful
air force which, so to speak, came
out of the blue. The rebels marched
on Wadesdah, and seized power.

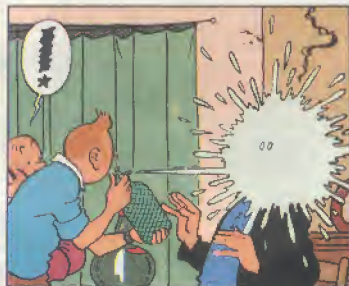
It all puzzles me, Senhor Oliveira.
You see, the rebel Mosquitoes
and the Arabair DC3's came from
the same source... And I'd like to
know what touched off the dispute
between the Emir and Arabair.

Er... I've no idea
at all.

Oh?... Well... We'll go into that
later. The most urgent thing is to
help the Emir. What's become of him?

He had to flee. He took
refuge in the Jebel with
Fatrash Pasha, whose
fierce tribesmen remained
loyal.

HAAAAH!!



What... what... what...
what happened?

Your pipe, Captain.
It set fire to
your beard.

Come, it's time for
sleep. Tomorrow we
will find some way
for you to leave the
city, and join the Emir.

Yes. Good.

Two days later...

D'you see, there?...
A patrol coming...

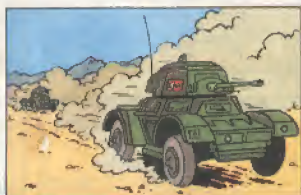
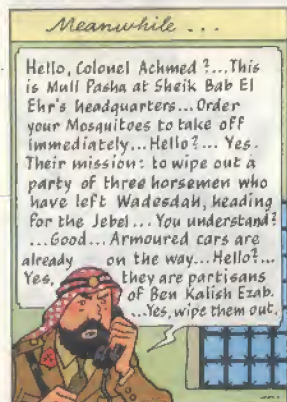
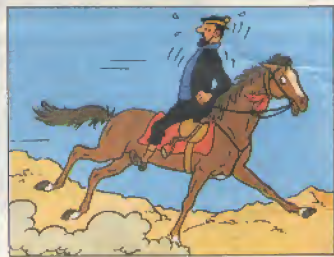
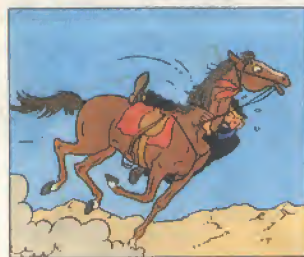
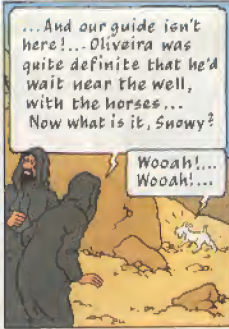
I know...
keep calm!

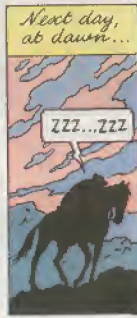
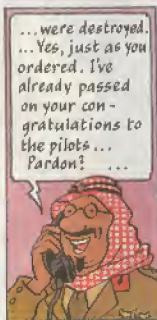
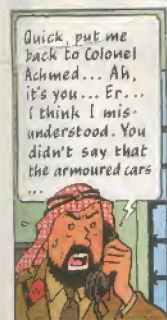
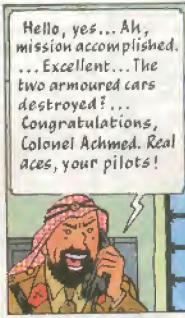
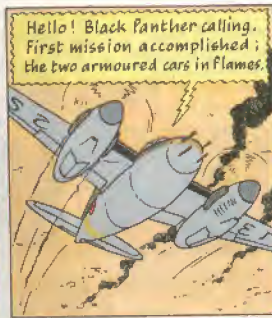
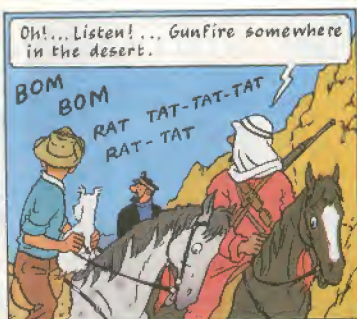
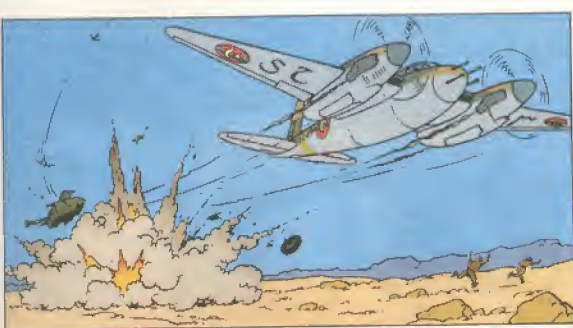
**TEN
THOU...**

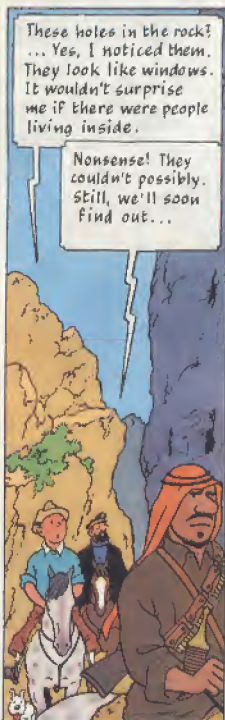
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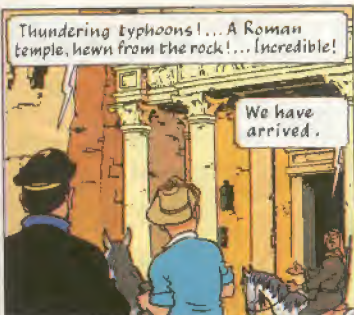






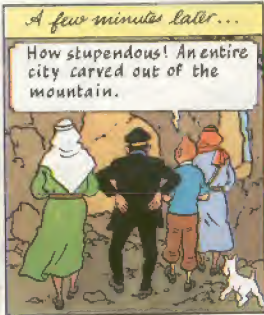






Thundering typhoons!... A Roman temple, hewn from the rock!... Incredible!

We have arrived.



A few minutes later...
How stupendous! An entire city carved out of the mountain.



Tintin!... Captain!... You here?... It is unbelievable!



And my son?... My own little treasure? My precious darling... Where is he?

Ah yes... We left him at Marlinspike, Your Highness. But rest assured, he is in good hands.



Poor little lamb! How sad he must be, so far from his Papa!



And now I'll leave you tied to the palm tree, so the crocodiles can come and eat you. Ha! ha! We're having fun, aren't we, Nestor?

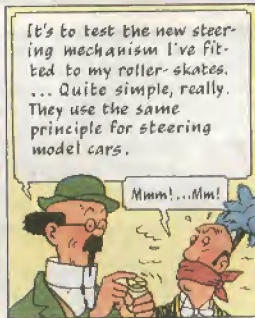


Confounded brat!... Ah, someone's coming. They'll set me free.



Ah, Nestor, I was looking for you. Could you give me a hand? It's nothing much: simply give me a little push.

Mmmm!... Mmmm!



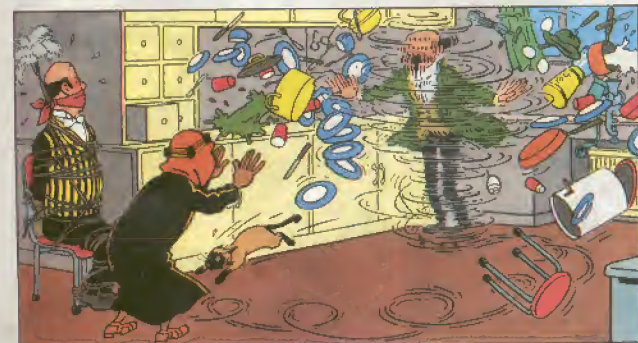
It's to test the new steering mechanism I've fitted to my roller-skates. ... Quite simple, really. They use the same principle for steering model cars.

Mmm!... Mmm!



For instance, at the moment, my skates are locked right over to the left... If someone were to push me now I should turn round more or less on the same spot.

Mmm!... Mmm!



But I'm quite sure that despite his sadness my cherub is a little ray of sunshine, bringing life and gaiety into your old home.

Undoubtedly!

And you, what brings you here?... Come along in and sit down. You must be tired. And you'll certainly be hungry and thirsty. I will have some refreshments brought to you.



Well, Your Highness, we are here to try and help you; also, to get to the bottom of a mystery, in which Arabair seem to have an important part.

Arabair! The dogs!... They will pay dearly for their treachery... I gave them permission to establish a base at Wadesdah, an important link on the route to Mecca....



One day, about three months ago, my little Abdullah, my flawless jewel, expressed a wish to see the Arabair planes loop the loop a few times before landing at Wadesdah...

Loop the loop! ? But Highness...



Nothing simpler, don't you agree?... And it would have given my lambkin such pleasure!... Well, instead of seizing this opportunity of pleasing my little sugar-plum, they refused, on some trumped-up excuse...

But Highness...



Naturally, I was very angry and threatened to terminate our agreement. I also used another threat: that I would reveal to the world that Arabair are involved in slave trading.

WHAT?!



GRRR...



Slave trading, no less... Their planes touching down at Wadesdah on the way from Africa are always full to bursting with native Sudanese and Senegalese. These are Mohammedan converts, making their pilgrimage to Mecca.

Yes, go on...



On the other hand, on the return journey their planes are mostly empty... Why?... Because somewhere between Wadesdah and Mecca these unfortunate negroes are sold as slaves.

But that's frightful!



Er... Yes... But to get back to Arabair: these jackals stirred up trouble in my country, and thanks to their support, the accursed Bab El Ehr was able to seize power... But it won't be for long... I'll throw him out, that mangy dog, that stinking hyena, that slimy serpent, that...



GRAOW

By Allah!... Let us hope your dog hasn't gone near Ayesha!

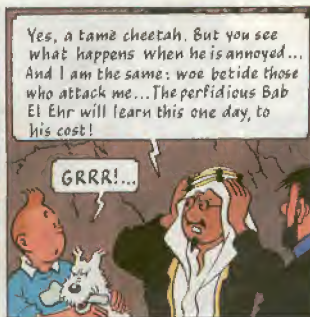


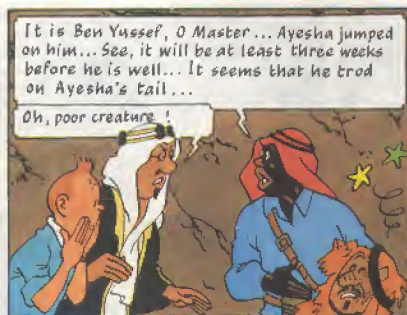
GRRRAOW



CRACK GRAOW







By the beard of the Prophet, something suspicious is going on over there.

Ha! It!... Who goes there?



By Allah!... They have stumbled on a patrol!...



Ha! ha! ha! Soldiers? Them?... Don't make me laugh! One shot into the air and they bolted like rabbits!

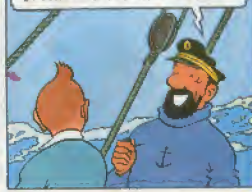


At dawn...

Ha! ha!
ha! ha!

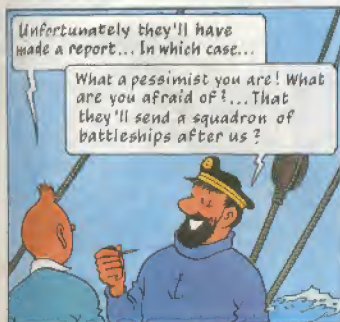


Ha! ha! ha! I was thinking of those twopenny-half-penny coastguards galloping headlong! Anyone'd think they were trying to break the sound barrier!



Unfortunately they'll have made a report... In which case...

What a pessimist you are! What are you afraid of?... That they'll send a squadron of battleships after us?



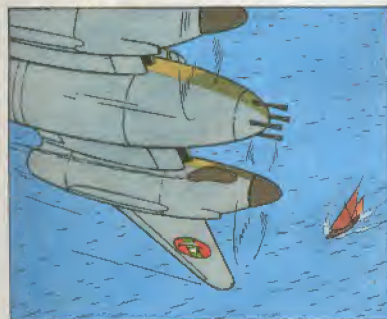
Not that, certainly, but...

But what?

Over there, Captain!... That's just what I feared!

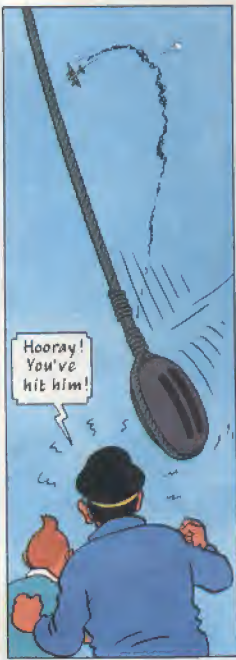
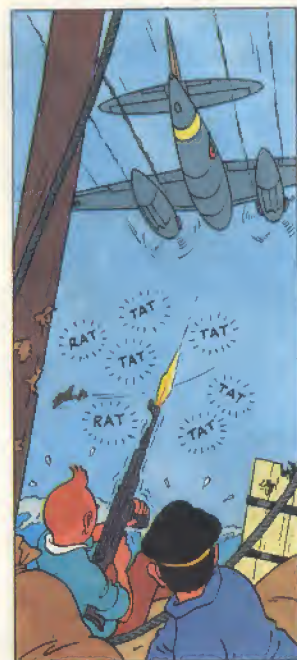
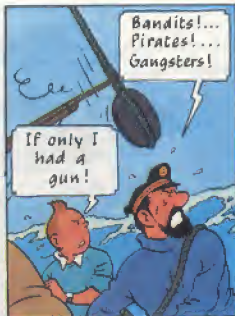
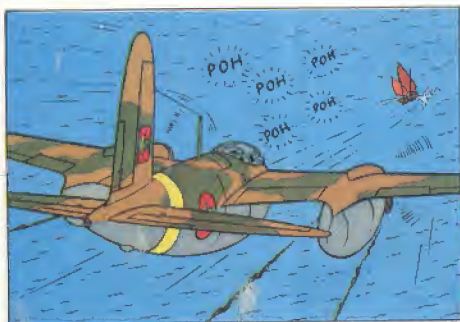


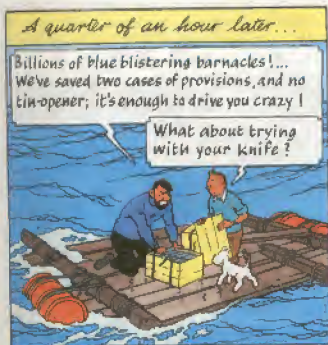
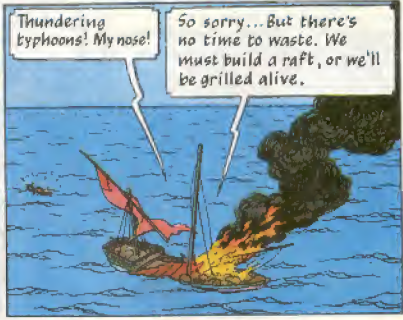
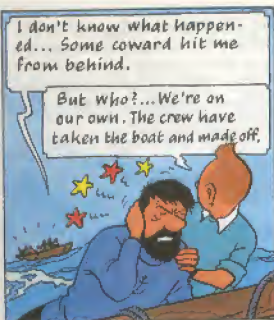
Thundering typhoons! Mosquitoes!



They're coming back!... This is going to be hot!... Everybody down!



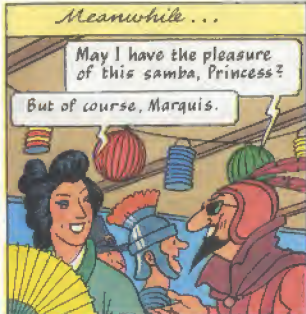




Meanwhile...

May I have the pleasure of this samba, Princess?

But of course, Marquis.



What an ideal yacht for a cruise!



The "Scheherazade" is certainly a wonderful ship... And what a good idea to have a fancy-dress ball on board... Ma-a-arvellous!



Excuse me, my lord, there is a radio call for you... It's urgent...

Very well. I'm coming.

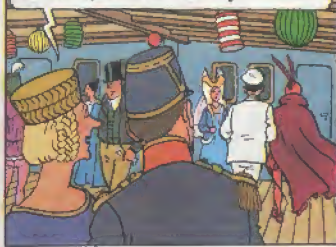


You see, dear lady? Business, always business. I am indeed a slave... Will you forgive me?

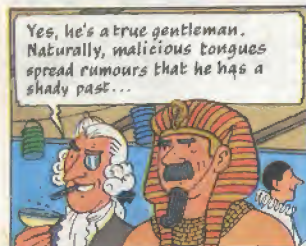
Don't give it a thought.



What an entrancing host he is. This cruise aboard the "Scheherazade" is really too enchanting!



Yes, he's a true gentleman. Naturally, malicious tongues spread rumours that he has a shady past...



It's only to be expected that such luxury arouses envy. One must admit...



Hello! Hello! K6 VM calling R3KO... Transmit in code... Over.



Powerful insects have stung the blue goat. Parasites 1 and 2 are in the bag. Out.

K6VM to R3KO. Understood. Out.



Good... Now for the book, and we'll decode this. Parasites land 2 - I know who they are!

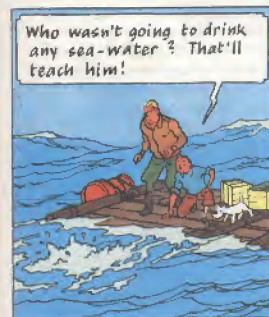
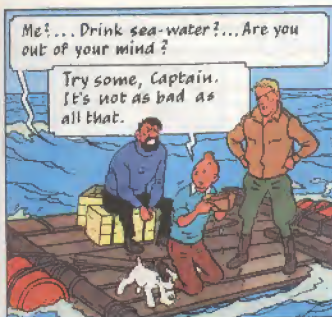


There... I have it... Excellent! Mu!l Pasha has done well. We're rid of those two meddlers!



If this goes on, Captain, we'll soon be on Dr. Bombard's diet: plankton and sea-water.





Thundering typhoons! He's right!... She's getting further away. Who's the bath-tub admiral commanding that crew of landlubbers?

What now? How can we attract their attention?



I've an idea! Has anyone got a mirror?

A mirror? What on earth for?

Here... I have one.



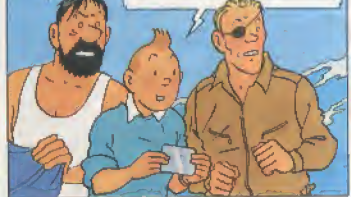
You like comb too?

Well done, Tintin! I never thought of it!

No thanks, only the mirror.

Blistering barnacles, go on!... Flash the sunlight straight in their eyes; they'll see us in the end.

Let's hope so! It's our last chance!

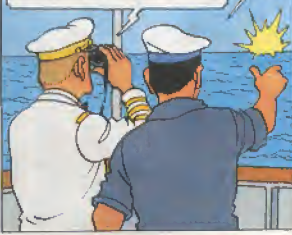


Flashing light to starboard, sir



There, sir... Do you see it?

Yes, I see... A raft... with three men.



Hello?... Yes, Captain, go ahead... What? A raft with three shipwrecked sailors? By Lucifer!... Wait, I'll come and see... Till then, not a word to my guests. I'm coming.



There, my lord... Do you see the signals they're making. Three of them, and a little dog.



By Lucifer!... Tintin and the bearded sailor... And a third ruffian!... But what about the message Mull Pasha just sent me?

Shall I alter course, sir?



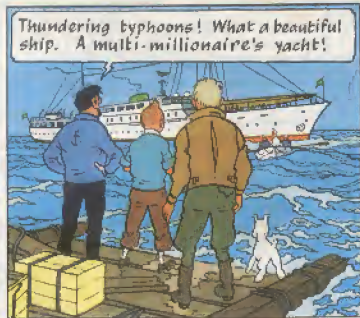
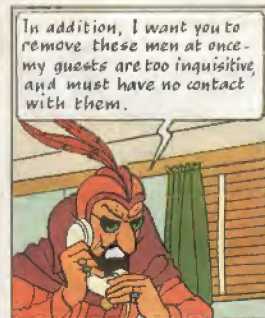
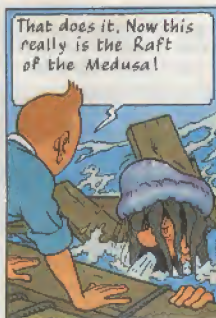
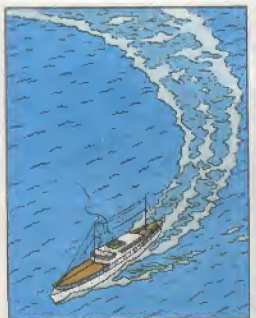
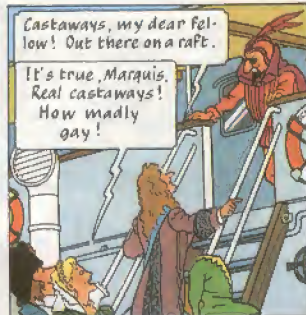
A waste of time... They're just some more of those practical jokers who drift across the ocean in a nut-shell... You know, it's the three all the newspapers wrote about... They don't need anything. Proceed on your course.

But my lord Marquis...

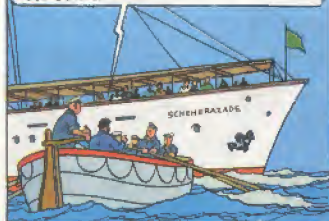


I said proceed... Fire and brimstone! Where should we be if we stopped for all the rag-tag-and-bobtail who put out to sea for fun!... Proceed... And not a word of this to the passengers... You understand?





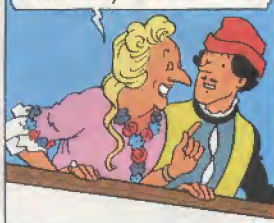
Thundering typhoons! What a magnificent yacht! Whose is she? ... Hey, are they having a carnival on board?



Almost... A fancy-dress ball... And what a bunch they are: high society, I can tell you; nothing but dukes, duchesses and film stars - all the nobs.



Per la Madonna! Can you believe it!... It's Tintin, and his friend the deep-sea fisherman, Paddock.



I must go and welcome them. Art must embrace the children of Adventure!



In the name of the Marquis di Gorgonzola, welcome aboard, carissime mie!



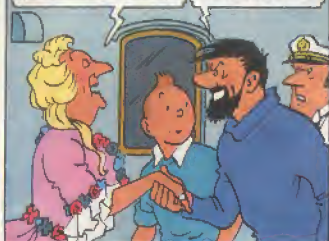
Signora Castafiore!... Run for it! What shall we do?... Hop back on the raft?

My dear Tintin!



Delighted to see you again, my dear Paddock...er... Harrock.

'n roll, Signora Castorelli, Harrock'n-roll!



I'm so sorry, Signora, but his lordship has given orders: these poor men are completely exhausted. And then... there's the risk of infection, you know.

But my good man, I'm not ill!



A little later...

Well, Parker, have you questioned them?

Yes, m'lord. They were aboard a sam-buk, being taken to Mecca...



... This morning, their boat was machine-gunned and set on fire by aircraft from Khemed. After shooting down one of the planes, they made themselves a raft. They then rescued the pilot of the aircraft.

Well done, Parker. Thank you.



If your lordship will pardon me, I think I should mention that Signora Castafiore, who knows the two castaways, welcomed them in your lordship's name.

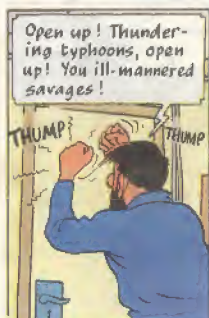
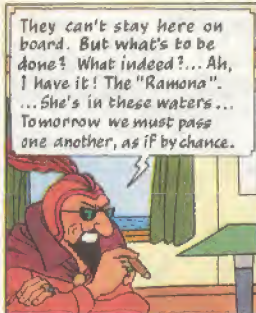
Diavolo!

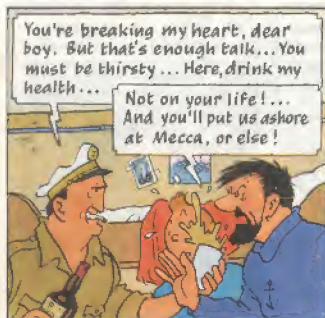
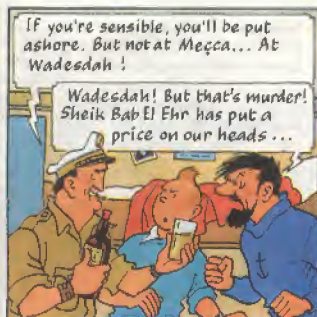
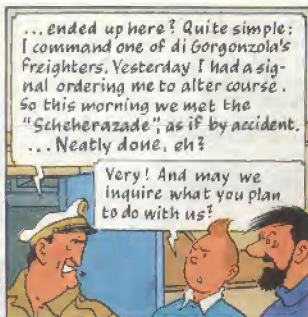


The Marquis di Gorgonzola's yacht!... It's fantastic... I must be dreaming.

Come on, Tintin... Up in the clouds again?... Hey! Tintin!









Over? ...



To Beelzebub with the bed-clothes! I'm too hot anyway!



There... That's the answer!



Under? ...

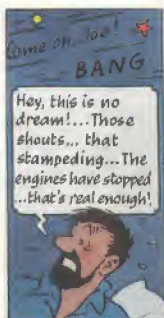


Now for some sleep... at last.



BANG THUMP
This way! Hurry! BANG
CLOMP
Into the boats!

There, I'm dreaming already!



Come on, Joe!
BANG

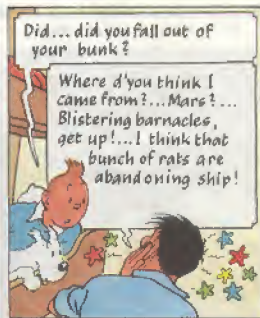
Hey, this is no dream!... Those shouts... that stampeding... The engines have stopped... that's real enough!



Show a leg, there!



?



Did... did you fall out of your bunk?

Where d'you think I came from?... Mars?... Blistering barnacles, get up!... I think that bunch of rats are abandoning ship!



Open up, & thundering typhoons!... Open up before I get violent!

Captain, this sea-chest. Let's try to force the door.



BUMP
BUMP
BUMP



Quick, let's see what's happening.

YEOW!



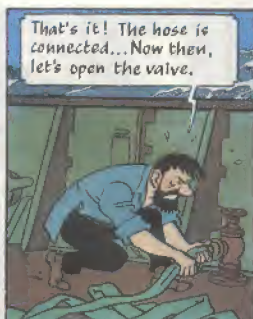
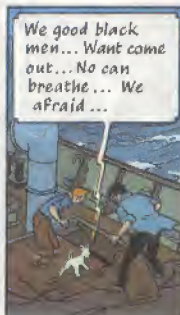
Hurry, Captain, hurry!



Thundering typhoons! The ship's on fire!

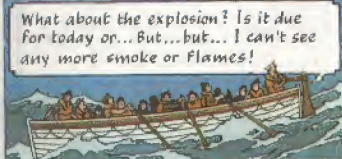


Keep it up, boys! Row hard! She'll blow up any minute.





Let's hope this will do the job!



What about the explosion? Is it due for today or... But... but... I can't see any more smoke or flames!



By thunder! The fire's gone out! Put her about boys. We're going back.



It... it's out... A huge wave... I was very nearly washed overboard...



What luck!... Now for those poor fellows below, Captain.

You're right, but first of all...



... I'm going to try to restart the engines. You go up on the bridge and take the wheel.



Half an hour later...

By thunder!... The "Ramona" is drawing away!... Someone has got her engines going!

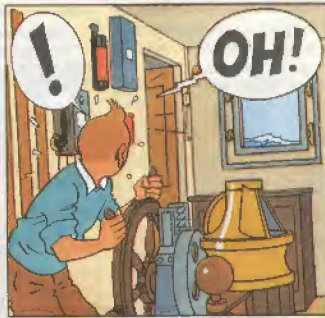


Phew! that was no joke, alone; but she's under way at last.

Magnificent, Captain... And now for the Negroes.



There's something more urgent: to send out a distress call by radio.



OH!



Look!

Skut!...
Dead?



No, he's alive... See, he's
coming round.

Skut! Skut, old man,
say something!
What happened?



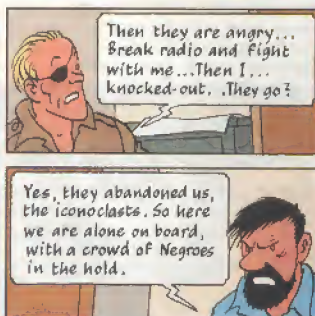
You escape! Hurry!... Hurry!...
The fire!... Ship full of ammunition!
... Hurry before explosion...

Ammunition! The pirates!
... That's why they
deserted like rats...



Don't worry, Skut: the fire's out.
There's no more danger... But
what about you? What happened?

They wake me, to go with
them... Without you... I refuse
... I want to... wake you
... and send radio signal.



Then they are angry...
Break radio and fight
with me... Then I...
knocked out. They go?

Yes, they abandoned us,
the iconoclasts. So here
we are alone on board,
with a crowd of Negroes
in the hold.



You like... I
can help you.
... Repair
radio, perhaps,
send S.O.S.
...

Good idea... Do
that... I'm going
to make sure
there's no
further danger.



A little later...

No more need to
worry, youngster:
the fire is right
out.



Now I'll take care of
those Negroes. First,
to let them out...



Save
poor
Muslim!

Me ill,
Me dying.

All right!
I'm com-
ing now!



Hey there!... Let go
of me!!... **HELP!**
TINTIN!..HELP!



Troglodytes!... Sea-gher-
kins!... Pickled herrings!
Leave me alone!



Back, visigoths!...
Back, anacoluthons!



Hang on, Captain!...
I'm coming!...

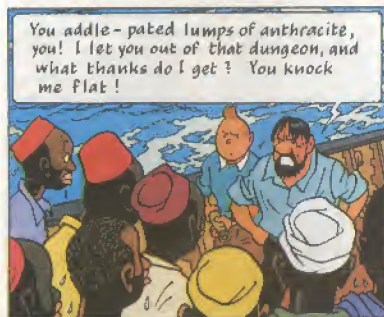


All right! I'm here!

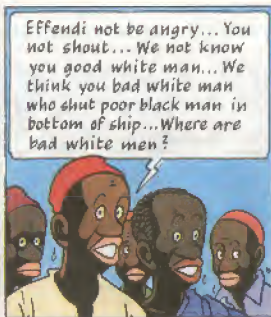


So sorry, Captain, but I had no choice.

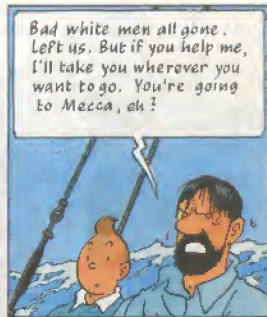
Please don't worry:
I'm getting
used to it!



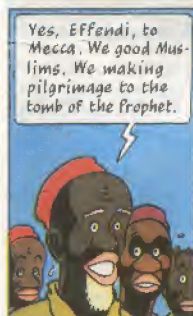
You addle-pated lumps of anthracite, you! I let you out of that dungeon, and what thanks do I get? You knock me flat!



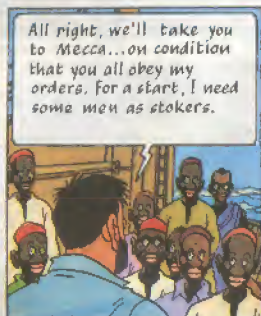
Effendi not be angry... You not shout... We not know you good white man... We think you bad white man who shut poor black man in bottom of ship... Where are bad white men?



Bad white men all gone. Left us. But if you help me, I'll take you wherever you want to go. You're going to Mecca, eh?



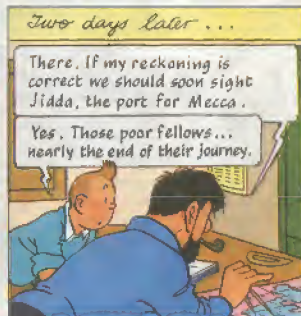
Yes, Effendi, to Mecca. We good Muslims. We making pilgrimage to the tomb of the prophet.



All right, we'll take you to Mecca... on condition that you all obey my orders. For a start, I need some men as stokers.



Me, Effendi...
Me...
Me...
Me, Effendi...



Two days later...

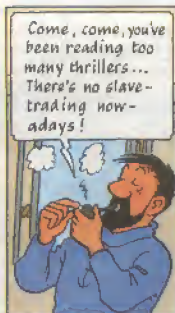
There, if my reckoning is correct we should soon sight Jidda, the port for Mecca.

Yes. Those poor fellows... nearly the end of their journey.



Poor fellows!... Poor fellows!... You don't still believe they were being sold as slaves? ... It's absurd...

If the Emir was telling the truth, then I'm afraid that was to be their fate.



Come, come, you've been reading too many thrillers... There's no slave-trading nowadays!



Look, Captain; just tell me this: is there any coke aboard?

Any...any coke?... But...

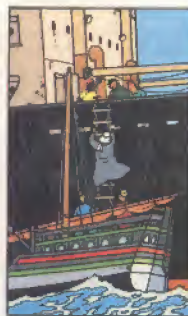


Effendi! Effendi! You come look!... Ship coming to us...

So it is! A sambuk ...
The harbour pilot from
Jidda, perhaps... No,
we're still too far from
shore... A fisherman,
then?

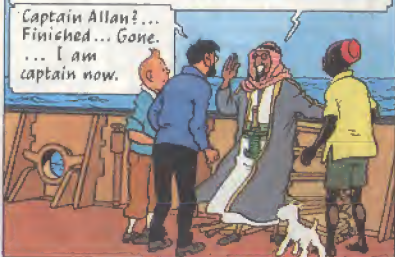


How odd... He's signal-
ling to us... We'll heave
to, and see what he
wants...



Salaame, O sailor... Captain Allan is up
there?

Captain Allan?...
Finished... Gone.
... I am
captain now.



Ah, you have replaced him... Good,
good... Is the coke of best quality
this time?

The coke?? Again? Blistering
barnacles, what's all this non-
sense about coke? Thundering
typhoons, there's no coke on board!



No coke on board!... Ha! ha! ha!



Hmm... Yes... Strong muscles
... you'll do...



And teeth?... Come on, open
your mouth, Sambo... Hmm, not
too bad... Teeth quite sound...



Come here, you.

Yes,
Effendi.



Here, have you quite finished
playing the cattle-dealer? This man's
not a horse, nor a slave...

Ssh!... You mustn't say
that!... "Coke" is the word,
as you well know.

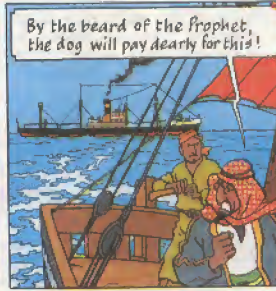
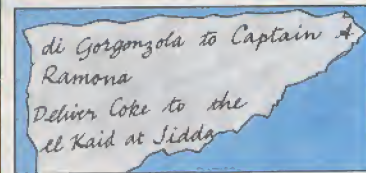
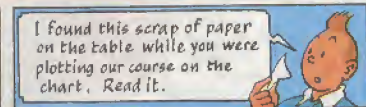
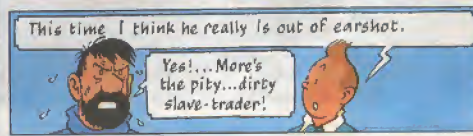
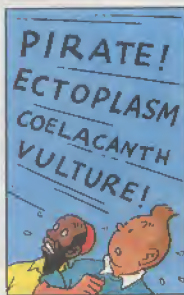
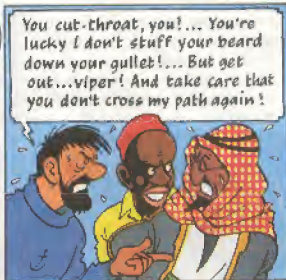
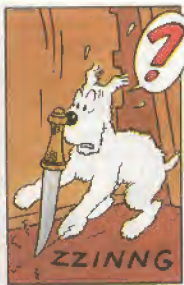


Coke!!... Blistering barnacles!
... Tintin was right! There
still are slave-traders... And
that's what you're up to, you brute!



You trafficker in human flesh!
You deserve to be strung up on
the mizzen yardarm!





A fragment of a wireless message sent by di Gorgonzola to that gangster Allan!... And "coke" is a code word for their cargo of slaves!... The pirates!



First, we must talk to the Africans: they must be made to understand that under the circumstances it's madness for them to go to Mecca.



Agreed... Then we must try to send out a radio call...

Getting on, Skut?

Still much work, Captain.



Good... Well, I'm going to talk to the cargo. You take the wheel and steer due south. We'll head for Djibouti.

O.K.



A few minutes later...

My friends, listen to me carefully. You have undertaken this long journey to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, haven't you?



Yes...

Yes.

Afterwards, of course, you plan to return home and rejoin your families. Isn't that so?

Yes, Effendi.

Yes.

Yes.



I'm afraid a very different fate awaits you. You saw that Arab who came aboard, and I chased off?... He's waiting for you in Mecca, to buy you and make you into slaves!... Slaves, you understand?



You speak well, Effendi. Wicked Arab, very wicked. Poor black men not want to be slaves. Poor black men want to go to Mecca.



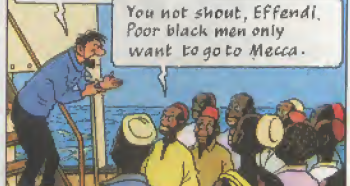
Naturally, I realise that. But I repeat, if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves. Is that what you want?

We not slaves, Effendi. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



But billions of blue blistering barnacles, I keep on telling you: if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves! Thundering typhoons, I can't make it any clearer.

You not shout, Effendi. Poor black men only want to go to Mecca.



All right, you boneheads, go to Mecca!... But you'll stay there for ever!... You'll never see your own country again!... Never see your families again!... You'll be slaves for ever!... That's what you're in for, you dunderheaded coconuts, you!

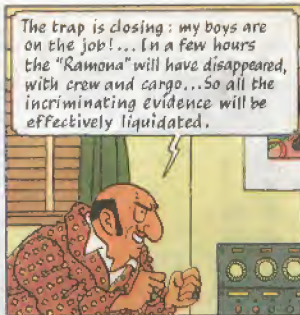
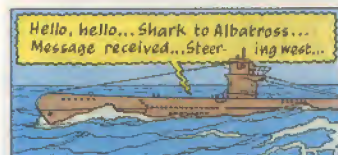
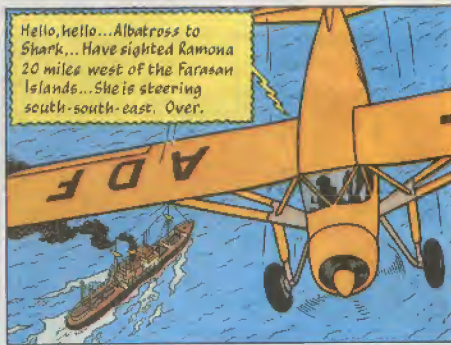
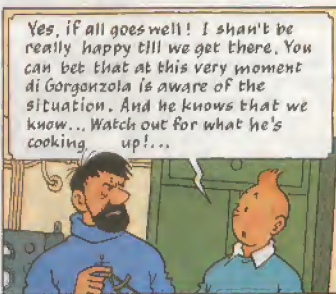
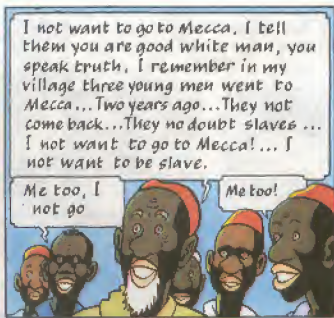


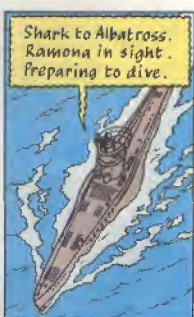
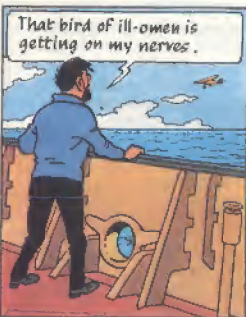
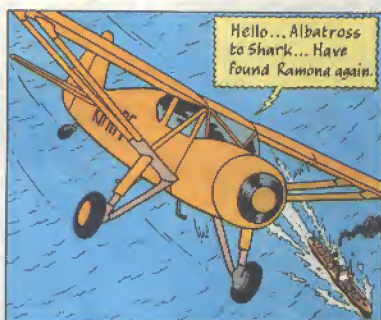
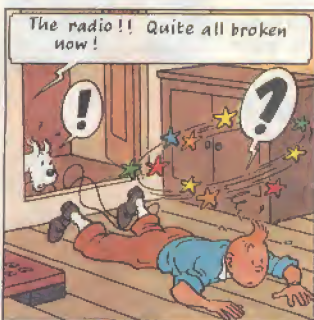
We not coconuts, Effendi. We good black men. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.

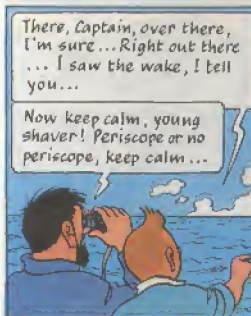


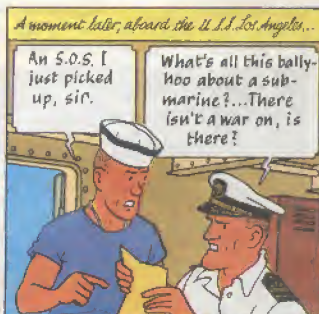
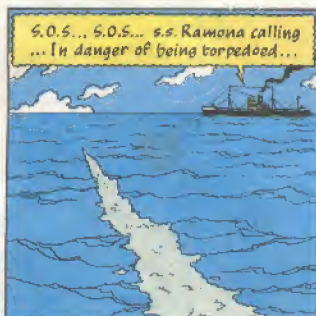
I can't do a thing!... I've tried the lot!... You can't shift them: they want to go to Mecca, stop; that's all!... It's like banging your head against a brick wall!

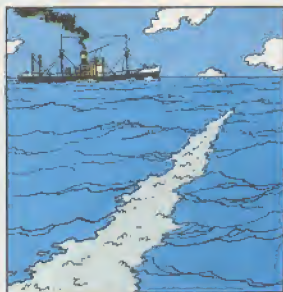
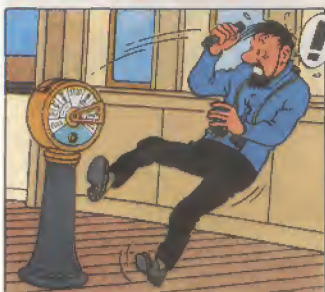
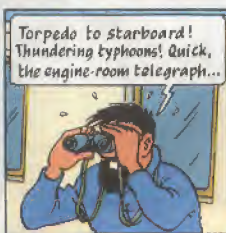
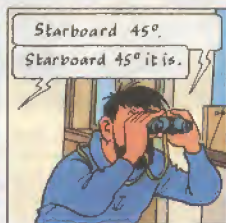
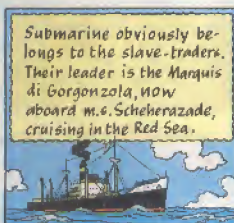
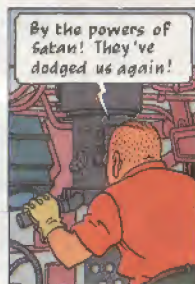
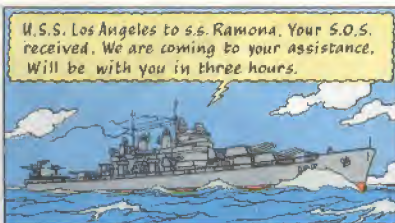


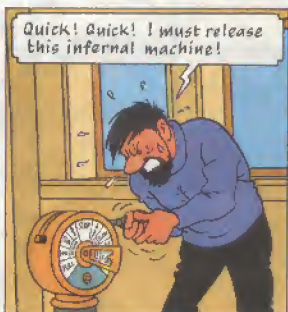
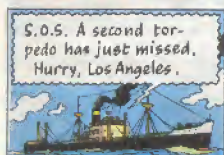
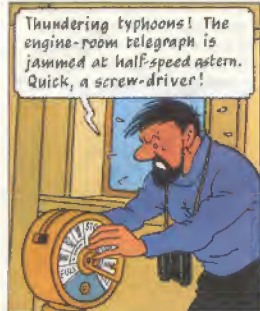






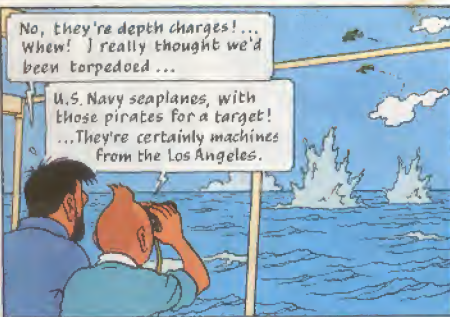








Again!



No, they're depth charges! When! I really thought we'd been torpedoed ...

U.S. Navy seaplanes, with those pirates for a target! ...They're certainly machines from the Los Angeles.



Oho! Great grandfathers! What a pasting! ...They'll be as flat as a Dover sole after that!

Wait! ... There, that upheaval in the water ...

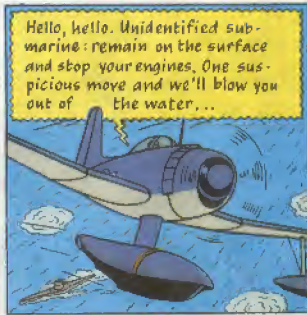


Look! The submarine has surfaced!

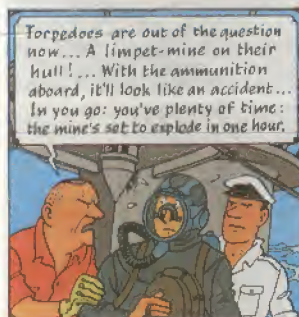
Yes... obviously they've been badly knocked about ...



Victory! ... They're waving a white flag... They're surrendering... The game's up.



Hello, hello. Unidentified submarine: remain on the surface and stop your engines. One suspicious move and we'll blow you out of the water...



Torpedoes are out of the question now... A limpet-mine on their hull! ... With the ammunition aboard, it'll look like an accident... In you go: you've plenty of time: the mine's set to explode in one hour.



Be quick: they're coming back!

Go!



What a job!



Saved! Yippee! Saved!

Hooray!

Tra la la la-laika!

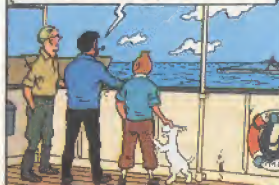
That is white man's folk-dance.



They said the ammunition was in the forepart...

Meanwhile...

This is all very fine, but we must wait for the Los Angeles. I'm going to see if there's any chance of dropping anchor.



Twenty-two fathoms depth... that's perfect...



Ahoj, there! Let go the anchor! Eighty fathoms of chain.



An hour later...

Hooray!... There she is!... The Los Angeles!



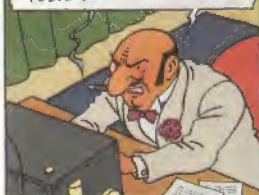
American cruiser in sight!

Don't worry, boys... She'll blow up any moment now.



The next morning...

Still no news from Kurt and his submarine... What are they playing at, the fools?



... and naval craft to intercept the m.s. Scheherazade and arrest the owner, name of Rastapopoulos, alias the Marquis di Gorgonzola...



Lost... All is lost!
... But it's impossible!



Hello?... Yes... Come up on the bridge?... I haven't time, Captain. [... What?... A warship?... I... I'm coming now.



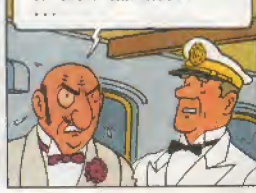
The cruiser Los Angeles, mylord Marquis... She's just flashed a signal ordering us to heave to. What shall I do?



Repeat the message, Tom... And add that if they don't heave to immediately, we'll open fire.



All right. Stop the engines. And launch my personal barge. I'll go myself and tell those insolent cowboys what I think of their manners!



Ah, they've obeyed... Excellent!... But what are they doing now?

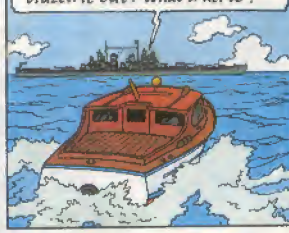
It looks as if... yes, they're hoisting out a launch... and Rastapopoulos is going aboard...



Do not insist, my friends. I will go alone.



... And he's steering towards us!
... Well, this beats everything!
... To have the cheek to come and brazen it out! What a nerve!



But what's happening now?... He's slowing up. He's stopping... Has he broken down?



Great snakes!... He's sinking!...



Whoops! That's done the trick!... Just you catch me now gentlemen!... Ha! ha! ha!



NEW REVELATIONS SHOCK WORLD SLAVERY—IT STILL EXISTS

Traffickers in human lives use code-word
"COKE"

Revelations in the Rastapopoulos affair have shocked the civilised world. With the discovery aboard the freighter *Raunoma* of Africans destined to be sold as slaves in Mecca, the facts are plain: in this twentieth century, slave traders are still at

delivered by ships or the aircraft into the hands of Rastapopoulos. Agents of the lost organization were notified of the arrival of the "goods" by the simple description of the cargo as "COKE". Messages were passed to Jidda, announcing that "COKE" was in stock, and secret arrangements were then made for sale of the slaves.



Hungry Africans photographed aboard the S.S. *Raunoma* during intervention by Tintin and Captain Haddock. Some of them from a hideout, dispatch from it is...

EMIR BEN KALISH EZAB

Restored to power in Khem

MULL PASHA
Revolutionary Leader



Once known as Mull Pasha, ousted

CAPTAIN ALLAN

Picked up by Danish Cargo Vessel



Formerly Mate under the command of Captain Allan, he is the sinister figure who commanded one of Rastapopoulos' ships.

Where did Sheik Bab El Ehr get his Warplanes?

WAR SURPLUS STOCKS ACQUIRED BY DAWSON ON BEHALF OF RASTAPOPOULOS

The source of the aircraft used by Sheik Bab El Ehr to help in his defeat of the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab is now revealed. These aircraft were war surplus stocks bought up all over Europe by Dawson, ex-Chief of the Settlement in hui. This is the first time that has encountered such a shady individual. Since his return to Europe, Dawson conducted a lucrative business for Rastapopoulos.

UNITED NATIONS APPEAL

Delegates demand international control of Mecca pilgrimage transport

Profound shock has been caused in all the Western delegations by the news of the Red Sea slave-trading. Speeches in the General Assembly reflect the widespread feeling that some action should be taken with

TINTIN IN NEW ADVENTURE



Will Red Sea Surrender Body of Rastapopoulos

No trace has yet been found of the body of the notorious international gangster Rastapopoulos, believed drowned in the Red Sea. The circumstances remain a mystery, but once again the famous reporter Tintin has wrecked the schemes of one of the most dangerous criminals of the time, whose evil life in slaves has been brought to an end. Rastapopoulos, alias Louis di Gorgonzola, his private laundage from the Rastapopoulos.

Coup d'etat in San Theodoros

Alcazar ousts Taping

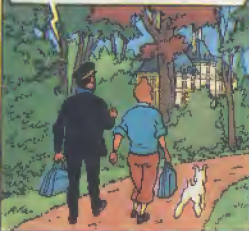
A change of government is again reported from San Theodoros. Alcazar, former of state, has been ousted.

PIRATE SUBMARINE IN RED SEA

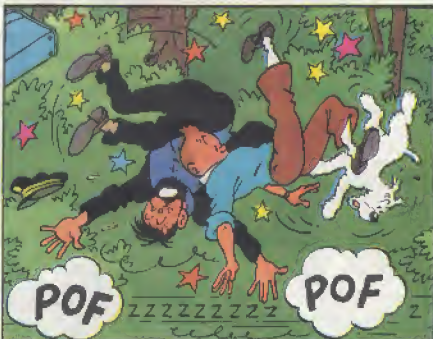
A pirate submarine has been operating in the Red Sea, crew of men.

A fortnight later...

Well, what a joy to be home again, and to breathe the country air...



...and hear the old familiar sounds ... Listen: the sound of a motor; it's the gardener mowing the lawn...





Great snakes! It's Professor Calculus! ... What's he invented this time?!



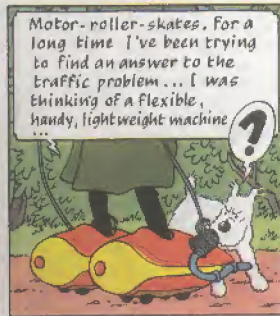
Hello there, Professor! That's certainly a funny way to welcome people!

So there you are! Welcome back to Marlinspike.



What on earth are those contraptions?

Ingenious, aren't they?

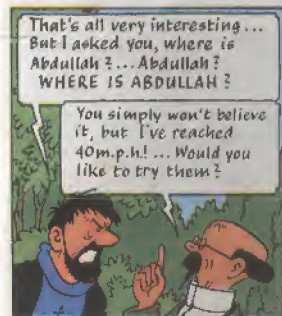


Motor-roller-skates. For a long time I've been trying to find an answer to the traffic problem ... I was thinking of a flexible, handy, lightweight machine



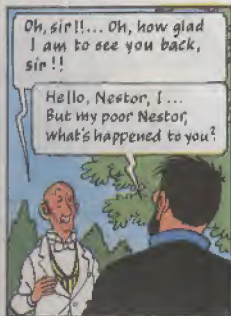
Fine!... And they'll have to install traffic lights on the pavements with your confounded roller-coasters!... But where is Abdullah?

No, a two-stroke engine, of 48 c.c.s., and controlled by cables which regulate the throttle and steer the skates at the same time.



That's all very interesting... But I asked you, where is Abdullah?... Abdullah?... WHERE IS ABDULLAH?

You simply won't believe it, but I've reached 40m.p.h.!... Would you like to try them?



Oh, sir!!... Oh, how glad I am to see you back, sir!!

Hello, Nestor, I... But my poor Nestor, what's happened to you?



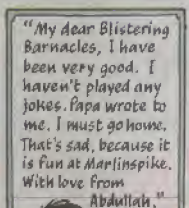
I... I fear that Master Abdullah's visit was not very good for me... But things are better now... He and his retinue departed yesterday. He left a note for you.



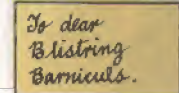
Poor Nestor!... A real demon, that boy. Let's see what he's written to us.



Can't he use my proper name?



"My dear Blistering Barnacles, I have been very good. I haven't played any jokes. Papa wrote to me. I must go home. That's sad, because it is fun at Marlinspike. With love from Abdullah."



To dear Blistering Barnacles.



Very sweet, eh?... Nestor's just been fussing about a little innocent childish mischief.



BANG

Who? ... Jolyon Wagg? ...
Oh, no, no! ... I want some
peace! ... Peace!

...Are at Marlinspike!

THE END